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The last Will and Testament  
OF  
Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

The Fear of smart  
Doth vex my Heart.

Thy Covenant before made dark thy Light,  
And now thy Spectacles doth spoil thy Sight.

Hear him not Jack,  
I am at thy back.



In the Name of the Kirk of Scotland, Amen.

**I** Sir John Presbyter, being sick in body, and very much broken in Memory since the change of Government, and the just burning of our Solemn League and Covenant; verily believing that I shall never be my own man again, Do ordain and make this my last Will and Testament, as followeth.

1. I bequeath my Soul to the disposing of the Godly Prayers of the just chosen Bishop, Arch-Deacons, Deacons, Deanes, Prebends, and other Godly Ministers of the Church of England.

2. I bequeath my Body to be buried in Alderman-bury Church-yard, and to that end and purpose I allow one moiety of my debtless Goods, which I got by Sequestration, to a Scotch Priest to Preach my Funeral Sermon.

3. That twelve monethly Wednesdaies may be kept as fast dayes after my decease, by all Anabaptists, Brownists, Quakers, Shakers, Ranters, and others of the Independant Crew; I give and bequeath twelve pounds, which I order to be taken out of the Plate, that was formerly brought into Guildhall upon the Poplick Faith.

4. I give and bequeath another moiety of my aforesaid Debtless Goods, towards the buying of twelve black Cloaks, and twelve Bibles of the New Translation, to be bestowed upon twelve Covenantors, that they may mourn; not because I am dead, but be heartily grieved to think that ever I was born.

5. I give and bequeath my Guts to the Bears, in part of satisfaction for the long time I have kept them from their Recreation with the Butchers Dogs.

6. I will and require those whom I shall appoint as Executors, to see my Breech safely conveyed into Scotland, for I give and bequeath that to the Stool of Repentance.

7. I Constitute, Ordain, and Apoint, a Hosier and a Grocer of Cripple-gate Parish, two old overgrown Elders to be my Executors, to see this my last Will and Testament duly performed.

Lastly. I give and bequeath my new fashioned Font to an honest Poet, that will bestow an Epitaph upon my Tomb; for now it is out of Request, it will serve him to make him an Ink-Horn, and in case his Ink should prove too thin, I will give him the Ashes of the Solemn League and Covenant that was lately burnt, to make it thicker, and that is all he is like to have, for I think I have given away more already then is my own.

An EPITAPH upon the Death of  
Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

**H**ere lies the Kingdoms grief,  
And Subjects woe,  
The Cities Trouble,  
And his Countries foe  
Of New Opinions, was a great Inventor,  
A Bible spoyler, and a Church Tormentor:  
If any Man should ask who this may be,  
Tis Sir John Presbyter, and none but he.

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